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5

fect Collection

Of the Several

SONGS.

Now in

MODE

Either at the

COURT

OR,

THEATRES.

All New.

Printed in the Year 1675.

A Collection
of the Several
POEMS,
Now in
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OR
THEATRES.

All New.

Printed in the Year, 1675.

To the Honest Reader.

Dear Heart,

I Have not been with thee upon this Errand a long time: and perhaps I could coyn as many formal Lyes, and frame as Substantial Excuse for not appearing in Print, as people generally do on the contrary occasion. But hang't! I scorn to tell a Lye for the matter. The plain down right naked truth on't is, that I, being but a Collector, and (as some say) a spoyler of Songs; was impossible (you know) I should Collect or Publish what was not written; and in good time the Poetasters of the Town, have of late (for what cause I know not) been extraordinary idle, and yet I think, not altogether so idle as they would have been if they had written more. But I'm sure I was like to have had the worst on't, for had not I rub'd up a pretty smart Collection for my Old Friend against *Michaelmas* Term, my Thred-bare Summer Jerkin must

have been converted into a Winter one, like
Star that is called *Hesperus* one half of
Year, and *Vesperus* 'tother. But now I think I
be able to purchase me a good smart Compai
which a great many honest fellows besides
self, are forced to wear more out of Neces
then for Fashion's-sake. Thus you see wh
Shifts we poor Collectors are driven to, nor ca
we in reason complain, when our Authours, th
Poets themselves, thrive no better; I know
all pretty familiarly, and call 'em *Jack*, *Tom*,
where-ever I meet 'em, and if they are to be
dited, (as they can speak Truth sometimes)
Trade is grown so dull they can hardly live
it, and truely I think one of the Notablest
'em, has quite given it over. However, as long a
there is a New Song to be got for Love or Mo
ney, and that will be as long as there is a Poe
and that will be as long as there is a Town, thou
shalt be sure, as often as possible, from thy Old
Friend:

Vale.

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The Table.

Dorinda Lamenting the Death of her *Amintas*, a Paſtoral Song.

Adieu to the pleaſures and follies of Love,
For a paſſion more noble my fancy does move;
My Shepherd is dead, and I live to proclaim,
In ſorrowful notes my Amintas's *name;*
The wood-nymphs reply when they hear me complain,
Thou never ſhalt ſee thy Amintas *again;*
For Death hath befriended him,
Fate hath defended him,
None, none, alive is ſo happy a Swain.

You Shepherds and Nymphs that have dane'd to his
Come help me to ſing forth Amintas's *praiſe,* (layes,
No Swain for the garland durſt with him diſpute,
So ſweet were his notes, while he ſung to his lute:
Then come to his Grave, and your kindneſs purſue
To weave him a Garland of Cypreſs and Yew,
For Life hath forſaken him,
Death hath o're taken him,
No Swain again will be ever ſo true.

Then leave me alone to my wretched estate,
I left him too soon, and I liv'd him too late,
You echoes and fountains my witnesses prove,
How deeply I sigh for the loss of my love:
And now of our PAN *whom we chiefly adore,*
This favour I never will cease to implore;
That now I may go above
And there enjoy my Love,
Then, then, I never will part with him more.

Song.

WHy should friends & kindred gravely make
wrong thy self, and cruelly forsake me; (thee
Be still my dearest Mistris, hang Relations,
Love's above their dull considerations:
Let 'em live and want, to heap up treasure,
whilst that thee and I enjoy our pleasure.

He that seeks a Mistris in a portion,
Puts himself to use with damn'd extortion;
If he must be brib'd to Copulation,
Fie upon his love! 'tis out of fashion:
Where we like, no matter what the estate it,
'Tis not love except we shew it gratis.

How to see the Miser have I wondred,
Weighing out his passion by the hundred?
Nir consulting birth, or education,
Vertue without wealth's but prophanation:
Be she old, or ugly, 'tis no matter,
So she is but rich he'l venture at her.

Nature is a sordid Lay-invention,
Quite beside our nature and intention:
When we wou'd agree it makes resistance,
Finding tricks to keep us at a distance;
Then who poorly makes a new election,
Offers wealth to Cuckold his affection.

Love not Return'd.

AH how unkind is the Nymph I adore?
For my obedience she slights me the more;
Still as she shuns me I closer pursue,
So by her flight she has learnt to subdue;
How endless are the pains I must endure?
Since she, by flying, wounds, and shuns the cure.

Yet how unhappy soever I am,
Still I must follow and cherish my flame,
For shou'd I struggle and break off my chain,
My freedom wou'd be worse then her disdain:
Therefore the Nobler fate I will prefer,
It must be happy if it come from her.

Then cruel fair, if my death you've decreed,
Spight of compassion, I beg you proceed,
And look not down on my wretched estate,
As neither worthy of your love nor hate:
For with your frowns I wou'd rather dispence,
Then languish in Luke-warm indifference.

The Catholique Lover.

'Tis not enough great gods! 'tis not enough
That I one single beauty love:
No, no, Eternal pow'rs if you
Envy the peace my mind once knew,
If 't be my fate to be a slave
If I must love and such soft passions have,
Let not one Quiver, or one Bow,
One Glance, one Dart, one Arrow do;
Let many eyes my freedom break,
Let many chains me captive make,
'Tis Cesar-like from many wounds a Death to take.

Retraction.

DRaw back thy hand great love! & strike no more,
That was too much I felt before:
No, no, if thou too cruel love
Wilt on my breast thy poysons prove,
Let me at first be troughly slain;
Plagues such as these seldom infect again:
Let thy first Trophy them suffice,
First Arrow, and first conqu'ring eye,
Unbend thy Bow, and break thy Dart,
Torture me not with second smart;
One wound doth kill as sure as twenty in the heart.

Lost Opportunity.

O Name not the day I left my senses reprove,
And curse my kind heart from the knowledg
[of love;
Ah! the ignorant fate of a fearful young lover,
When a sign is return'd to want wit to discover:
To delay a kind Nymph from her hour of design,
Is to dig for a treasure and sink in the Mine.

The effect of a smile in a vein of discourse,
'Twixt fear and good will ought to make a divorce;
Such Items deserve to be well understood,
Like a Vizardess when she peeps under her Hood:
Had I known but the minute her joys were upon her,
She had bid me good night, and adieu to her honour.

I knew not alas the intrigue of her art,
I thought she design'd to make sport with my heart;
It panted with fear, and it leapt so with joy,
Yet I thought to attempt all my hopes would destroy:
But since, I'm resolv'd, e're I'le prove such a sot,
The Nymph I'le enjoy, though I dye on the Spot.

The

The secret Lover.

I Languish for one that ne'r thinks of me,
and all my vain hopes now turn to despair,
The complaints which I utter (O love) against thee,
are nothing so sweet as my sufferings are;
Then cease by your power to add to my pain,
Lest death by a greater put an end to your reign.

My sighs and my tears so privately I
Do give to a passion I ne'r will impart,
That though I am vanquisht, and conquered dye,
No one can e're say that I first lost my heart;
Since the torments I feel I will not discover,
It ne'r shall be said there dyes a poor lover.

How strangely severe is my fate, since I find
that with all my resistance I cannot get free
From a slavery, by which I see I'm design'd,
my dearest PHILANDER thy Martyr to be;
O fate so unkind, to make me esteem
My death to be welcome, cause given by him.

Song.

I Pitty crave since 'tis my fate,
My Mistris should me captivate;
Confid'd I am a Slave to be,
And must submit to destiny:
My story's sad, I did it tell
To her, she slights me, is this well?
O no, 'tis my misfortune still to be,
Neglected for my faith and constancy.

Then I resolv'd to love no more,
Nor any beauty to adore;
The Scene is chang'd, and I am free,
I care not for loves tyranny:
This alteration likes me well,
My liberty no more I'le sell:
She then desir'd I would her love receive,
I gave her thanks, and so I took my leave.

The Libertine.

Since Phillis we find,
We grow so inclin'd,
That we dare not quite bid love defiance,
Yet let us be wise,
And with freedom advise,
So to make up a triple allyance:
For why should we lose,
What most creatures do use,
The freedom of Natures great Charter,
Let us use love as chance,
Not as God of Romance,
And dye like a Fool, or a Martyr.
We'l use love no more,
Then our humour or store,
Will be able to pay, or allow,
We'l then scorn all dodging,
When we go to our lodging,
And fear no Goal made by a Vow.
Nor shall we be hurl'd,
Like the rest of the World,
Into Madness by being so jealous,
Let us laugh at all Rumour,
And ne'r spoyl good humour,
Like Phanaticks by seeming too Zealous.

Love must not appear,
When by vow or by fear,
It seems fettered by justice or duty;
'Tis more glory for you,
To keep our love true,
By force of your wit and your beauty.

Song.

I Am no subject unto fate,
the pow'r assum'd I give to you,
Whether returning love or hate,
which falls in storms or gentle dew.

It is my will that chooseth you,
though tyrant, yet if I obey,
Obedience is truly due,
to whom I give myself away.

The worlds Dimensions are wide;
my mind not heaven can confine;
That out-ward worship is bely'd,
who inward bows to another shrine.

Thus fetter'd I will freely Love,
my choice doth make the conquest shine.
And will thy power best improve,
that to thy subject thou incline.

I may be born under a throne,
a slave or free without my voice,
But love and my Religion,
holy depends on my own choice.

For may be called Victory,
yet only those are overcome,
Who yield unto an Enemy,
that is their certain fate and Doom.

Who wisely rules deserves command,
then keep thee loyal next thy heart,
Elicius Monarchs cannot stand,
nor loves without an equal dart.

Merry

Merry after Death.

WHen I ſhall leave this clod of clay,
When I ſhall ſee that happy day,
That a cold bed, a winding ſheet,
ſhall end my cares,
my griefs and tears,
And lay me ſilent at my conquerours feet.

When a dear friend ſhall ſay he's gone,
Alas h' has left us all alone,
I ſaw him gaſping, and I ſaw,
him ſtrive in vain,
amidſt his pain,
His eye-ſtrings breaking, and his falling jaw.

Then ſhall no tears bedew my hearſe,
No ſad uncomfortable verſe,
My unlamented death ſhall have,
He who alive,
Did never grieve,
How can he be leſs merry in the grave.

Then friends for a while be merry without me,
And as faſt as you dye come flocking about me,
In Gardens and Groves our day revels we'l keep,
And at night my Theorbo ſhall rock you aſleep,
So happy we'l prove that mortals above,
Shall envy our Muſick, ſhall envy our love.

Dialogue.

DIALOGUE:

Man.

WHy Phillis *to me so untrue and unkind?*
remember the vow which you made,
Though Love cannot see let not honour be blind,
whereon is the other betray'd.

Woman.

Though sir to your bed true allegiance I vow'd,
I am not oblieg'd by that Oath,
No longer than you keep both constant and true,
the same vow obliegeth us both.

Man.

Fair Nymph did you feel but those passions I bear,
my Love you wou'd never suspect,
A heart made of Steel must needs love the fair,
and what we love cannot neglect.

Chorus. Then since we love both,
let us both be agreed,
And seal both our loves with a kiss:
from breaking our oath
we shall both be then free'd,
A Princess shall envy our bliss.

The

The Request.

THou fair usurper of my fate,
tell me what my lot shall be,
Must I languish at this rate,
without hope or help from thee?
And am I damn'd a slave to be,
Unto a truckling Destiny?

Or is your love that poyson grown,
which inflicts those fatal darts,
Which the God of love alone,
did form for false rebellious hearts;
And must none then approach thy love,
But those who martyrdom will prove.

Hadst thou the liberty preserv'd,
and still a Noble Soveraign been,
At what a rate hadst thou been serv'd,
when all thy slaves had Rivals been?
Nay gods themselves had quit their sway,
Proud of the glory to obey.

But stay! my passion grows too bold,
seeking your honour thus to stain,
It shews that loyalty grows cold,
when subjects for reward complain:
Hence-forth my passions shall declare,
No perfect love without Despair.

Drinking Catch.

COme away, 'tother glass,
He's a temperate ass,
That refuses his brimmer of Renish,
While our bottles go round,
A new way we have found,
Both our heads and our veins to replenish,
We'l be witty and brave, when our noddles are full,
while the sober young fop is but prudently dull.

With wenches and wine,
Our selves we refine,
From the dross of the puritan City,
We care not a lowse,
For their dull Coffee-house,
'Tis the Tavern that makes a man witty,
In spight of misfortunes thus happy we are,
In a jolly brave soul that's a stranger to care.

Variety

Vanity of Love.

WHat fancies of pleasure doth love all alone,
Propose to it self when the object is gone?
But alas! how vain is the strength of that joy,
Which a word or a frown has the pow'r to destroy.

For though the first venture seem calm in her eyes,
In the second access a storm may arise,
Then with sighs, and with grief are those spirits dis-
Who to cherish dispair have given their aid. (plaid,

Thus lovers with doubt a fond kindness pursue,
While fate from their follies prove false and untrue,
They are either possest with the thoughts of dispair,
Or else lay on love a continual care.

Then since we're endu'd with so gentle a soul,
That e'ry small signal our heart may controul,
'Twere a sign of Love's pity our care to restrain,
By making us Free-men without so much pain.

Song.

Song.

TO what modeſt grief is a lover confind?
when the tongue dares not utter the truth of (his heart,
Tet it ſtrengthens the force in a generous mind,
and makes him ſtill think what his love would im- [part:
For the more he loves one, the more happy 'twill prove
when he comes to appearance to plead for his love.

When our hearts are new kindled to jump at a beauty,
but like a French-onſet comes off with a blaſt,
we ought to wait leiſure, 'tis civil and duty,
let's love by degrees, and the longer 'twill laſt:
He that jumbles his love and enjoyment together,
Makes two months of ſummer, & ten of cold weather.

Kind love like a tender and delicate flower,
wants only improvement to make it endure;
But ſo oft 'tis tranſplanted, that every hour
it drops and decays, till 'tis almoſt paſt cure:
Unleſs ſome fair Nymph by enchantment can bring,
To make it refreſh, a perpetual ſpring.

A Song.

WEre Celia but as chast as fair,
How could I kiss the snare;
And ne'r be tir'd with my captivity,
But she's a whore that cools my blood,
O that she were less handsom or more good.

Would you believe that there can rest
Deceipt within that breast,
Or that those eyes,
Which look like friends are onely spyes;
But she's a whore, yet sure I lye,
May there not be degrees of Chastity?

No, no, what means that wanton smile?
But only to beguile;
Thus did the first
Of women, make all men accurst;
I for their sakes give women o're,
The first was false, the fairest is a Whore.

Song.

HOw strangely ſevere and unkind are we grown?
For we puniſh in all, the offences of one:
while diſſembling Amintas *a paſſion did faign,*
I Damons *affection return'd with diſdain;*
And gave more belief to the Shepherd that ſwore,
Then to him who did faithfully love and adore.

Then how is it juſt O ye powers divine,
That Damon *ſhould dye when the errour was mine?*
Yet pardon me once, and if ever again,
I'm deaf to the voyce of a lover in pain,
Then let me not proſper in what I've begun,
but dye in deſpair as my Damon *has done.*

Drinking Catch.

WHat madneſs it is to give over drinking,
when Apollo *is drunk you may know by his winking:*
His face is on flame, and his noſe is ſo red,
It prediCts he is ſleepy and goes drunk to bed:
Let him ſleep to grow ſober, while we tarry here,
And drink till the morning appear.

Celadon on Delia, Singing a Pastoral.

O Delia, *for I know 'tis thee,*
I know 'tis thee,
For nothing else could move
My Tuneless heart, then something from above;
I hate all earthly harmony:
Hark! Hark! ye Nymphs, and Satyrs all around,
Hark how the baffled Eccho faints and dyes,
See how the winged air all gasping lyes:
At the melodious sound:
Mark while she sings,
How they droop and flag their wings,
Angelick Delia *sing no more,*
Thy song's too great for mortal ear,
Thy charming notes I can no longer bear,
O then in pitty to the world give o'er,
And leave us stupid as we were before,
Fair Delia *take the fatal choice*
To veil thy beauty or suppress thy voyce,
His passions thus poor Celadon *betray'd,*
When first he saw, when first he heard the lovely maid

Despair.

Despair.

Make a bed in the deeps
For me discontented poor Lover to sleep,
Till the Cannons like thunder
Rend the heavens in sunder,
And frighting the Main,
Do force me at last to awaken again.

When the storms do arise,
And with their proud surges encounter the skies,
My head finds a pillow,
On the top of a billow,
And I look for a grave,
Within the cold womb of a turbulent wave.

The wind shall convey,
My pray'rs unto her I adore ev'ry day,
It gently shall move
Her to pitty my Love,
And each sigh that it hears,
It shall whisper again into Phillis's ears.

If the tempest do roar,
Then Phillis *alone is the plaint I implore,*
If she will not appease
The rage of the Seas,
Nor calm the rough weather,
I'le breath out her name and my life both together.

So the Ocean to me,
Shall instead of a Tomb and a Sepulchre be;
And as I do glide,
Too and fro with the Tide,
Thereby is expresst,
That a lover may dye, but he never can rest.

Over Phillis *shall hover,*
The wandering soul of her Martyred Lover;
And if I do find her,
To my memory kinder,
O then I shall never
Abandon her bosome, but tarry for ever.

A Song.

WHat sighs and groans now fill my breast,
And suffer me to take no rest?
For my Carmelia, oh! she's gone,
And left me here to mourn alone:
But is she dead? then I'le go see
If in her grave there's room for me.

O cruel fate, that so design'd
To take her and leave me behind;
And thou, O Death! whose quick alarms,
Have snatcht me rudely from her arms;
Canst thou not find a way for me,
To my Carmelia's breasts to fly?

Dye then Anselmio! why doest stay,
Since my Carmelia leads the way:
O dye yet faster! do not live
That dearest Nymph for to survive:
Now deanest soul, I come, I fly,
Always to live with thee, I dye.

A Song.

When a woman that's buxom a dotard dos wed
'Tis a madness to think she'l be ty'd to his bed
For who can resist a gallant that is young,
And a man Al-a-mode in his garb and his tongue?
His looks have such charms, and his language such force,
That the drowsie Mechanick's a Cuckold of course.

He brings her acquainted with Dons of the Court,
That are persons of worth and a civil report,
Thus she cannot a kind opportunity want,
For he'l trust her with no man except her Gallant;
Yet the confident Fop for her honesty swears,
So he grafts on himself the gay horns that he wears.

Thus happy are we that are yok'd to a Cit,
For when ever we teach him he pays for his wit,
By his duck that appear'd to be faithful and chast;
He finds himself Cuckold and beggar'd at last:
And the credulous fool having drudg'd all his life,
Proves a thief to himself and a pimp to his wife.

A Nimph grieves at the absence of her lover, a Pastoral.

As I was sitting on the grass,
within a silent shady Grove,
I over-heard a country Lass,
was there bewailing of her Love,
My love says she
Is ta'ne from me,
And to the wars is prest and gone,
He's marcht away
And gone to sea,
Alack, alack and a welladay,
And left me here alone.

My Love he was the kindest man,
there's none that's like him in the town,
He gently takes me by the hand,
And give me many a green Gown,
With kisses sweet
He would me greet,
And often sing a round delay.

And

And ſometimes ſmile,
Then Chit a while,
That ſo we might the time beguile,
A live long Summers-day.

My Love on May-day ſtill wou'd be,
the earlyeſt up of all the reſt,
With Scarfs and Ribbons then wou'd he
of all the crew the fineſt dreſt;
With Morris-bells,
And fine things elſe,
But when the pipe began to play,
He danc'd ſo well,
I heard'em tell,
That he did all the reſt excell,
And bore the bell away.

The man that took my Love away,
was too too harſh and too ſevere,
I gently on my knees did pray,
that he my Love would then forbear,
I offer'd too,
A breeding Ewe,

And chilver Lamb that was my own,
Do what I cou'd,
It did no good,
He left me in this pensive mood,
To sigh and make my moan.

A New Ballad.

I Told young Jenny I lov'd her,
With a zeal that I thought wou'd have mov'd her,
And I gave her earnest in hand to boot,
For I knew by my bargain I could stand to't:
But the Gypsie cunningly taught by her sire,
cry'd Marry, or else forsake me,
When you've fil'd your belly and your desire,
you'l be damn'd before you will take me.

But her Old Dad of his own accord,
Did make himself as Drunk as a Lord,
In hopes to find it a wedding day,
So I took up my Jenny and car'd her away;
Let her scratch and bite, let her kick and wince,
Now I've got her into my clutches,
She's witty, she's fair, she's a Gem for a Prince,
And in time she may be a Dutchess.

We

We took a lodging and went to bed,
And I thought to have met with a maiden-head,
Within her quarters no sooner I got,
But the Jade in merriment cry'd you sot!
Thou'rt as great a bubble as ever was seen,
so idly thy self to confess,
To look for a maiden-head at fifteen,
which is somewhat hardly found at a dozen:

For women so forward of late are grown,
That their fruit is ripe as soon as 'tis blown,
Some marry their daughters at half a score,
Or else at eleven they'd play the whore;
If a girl be wise as soon as she can,
She'l be rid of her troublesome Jewel,
And certainly nothing but Ile of a man,
can allay the heat of her fuel.

She made me laugh, and I cou'd not forbear,
To think she had fitted my cock to a hair,
And yet you must know I was vext at the heart,
To find an old Bully out-done in his art.

For

when ſo modeſt her looks I found,
i'de habe ventur'd my life to a ſhilling,
a man would have given a thouſand pound,
young Jenny wou'd ne'r have been billing.

When firſt I knew her ſhe made me ſtand,
and wait a while for a kiſs of her hand,
but when I came to a touch of her lip,
'twas ſo elaving a favour I muſt but ſip;
When I felt her breaſts ſhe cry'd I was bold,
and checkt me for being uncivil,
but when I came to her Coppy-hold,
I found her as mad as the devil.

Then ſince I ſaw ſhe was right for the ſport,
reſolv'd to be leager and enter her fort,
as ſoon as my Cential came to the gate,
put him a knocking becauſe it was late;
at the Garriſon readily ſpoke within,
your party may ſafely adventure,
for I am as willing to let you in,
as ever you was to enter.

For

No sooner within the gates I had got,
But I thought it convenient to give her a shot,
And she from a Morter-piece that she had,
Let fly a Granado I thought she was mad:
But when I gave her a fresh alarm,
She told me I did but vapour,
For the bullets I shot would do her no harm,
no more then Pellets of paper.

So oft she charg'd, that she baffled my men,
Till they sneak'd at her salliport out agen,
My ammunition I found was spent,
So I put on my cloaths and away I went:
My Jenny, *said I, I must bid thee adieu,*
'Tis a folly to stay any longer,
For still I found that the weaker I grew,
Young Jenny *grew stronger and stronger.*

And thus you have heard me fully relate,
The sport that young Jenny *and I have been at,*
But what will be the event of our blows,
I think o' my conscience no body knows;
But if my Tackling should be spoyl'd,
I' faith I shall look like a Ninny,
And if my Mistris should prove with child,
The worst will fall upon Jenny.

Song.

Song.

When first I saw fair Celia's face,
So full of Majesty and Grace,
potent armies do attaque,
place can no resistance make;
e, by pow'r, has made her way,
my heart, and there does stay,
ving homage which I pay.

force of love who can withstand?
in vain to countermand,
at envious Cupid has decreed,
my poor heart must ever bleed;
you, fair Nymph! by pity mov'd,
passion having once approv'd,
love, as now you are belov'd.

n'd be gallantry in love,
Celia wou'd the act approve,
ere she so long has caus'd a smart,
me to bestow at last her heart:
hing so fair Saint you may
m your blest name derive a day,
hen Lovers all to you shall pray.

Song.

LOng since fair Clarinda my passion did mo
VVhilst under my friendship I cover'd my lo
But now I must speak, though I fear 'tis in vain,
'Tis too late in my Death to dissemble my pain,
In telling my love though I fear she'l deny,
I shall ease my sad heart and more quietly dye.

Ah sure by my eyes you my passion might find,
No friendship e'r banquish'd or look'd half so kin
Though I said not I lov'd you might see it too pla
Friends use not to sigh or to speak with such pain:
Each touch of your hand such a warmth did inspir
My face was all flam'd, and my heart all a fire.

My thoughts are so tender, my tongue cannot tell,
what bliss's wou'd be yours cou'd you love half so well
Let the thing with a title our property move,
Let him have the shew, and let me have the love:
I have lov'd you so long that if now you delay,
You will owe so much as you never can pay.

A Dialogue between Neptune and Apollo, occasioned by the Death of the Earl of Sandwich.

Ap. I Charge thee Neptune, as thou art just, resign
The most admired Sandwich, who is mine;
Whose loss creates a discord in the Spheares,
And turns our Melody to Groans and tears.

Nep. Forbear to ask what is unjust to grant,
Thy Charge, and my Designs are Dissonant;
He's mine by conquest, what is thy pretence?

Ap. In Musique his unequal'd excellence,

Nep. Heroique parts I gave him, taught him how
With thundring Canon, and a furrow'd brow,
To rule the surface of my Realm, (Ap.) and I,
By a Magnetique pow'r in harmony,
Made him a Conqueror to overcome
All souls that lov'd or lik'd Elizium.

Nep. Thy seat is pleasant, there all sweets do dwell,
But mine with rage and horror only swell,
Which lately is increas'd, since Sandwich sent,
So many Rel'gions to my Element;
Whose Emulation to a Princes Throne,
Makes me keep Sandwich to preserve my own.

Chorus.

we'l sing his requiem by some murmuring brook
On which as th' Emblem of our griefs we look,
And with our Tears increase it to a Main,
Then Sigh and Weep till *Sandwich* come again;
Or else we never never will refrain.

Song againſt Poets.

WHat mean the dull Poets themſelves to abuſe
With the pittiful Rhimes of an ignorant Muſe,
No more in the praiſe of a Nymph let 'em prate,
Nor complain of the Stars or unkindneſs of fate;
But if they muſt Rhime, let 'em do't to ſome end,
And ſing us a Song of our Bottle and Friend.

They'r in pitiful caſe with their heart & their flame
And are puzled to find a new Miſtreſſes Name;
But once in a Stanza they muſt be in love,
Then their Protean Miſtris muſt any thing prove;
For their ſenſe and their truths are but Pimps to their Rhime,
And their Alphabat helps 'em to words that will chime.

The Miſtris they fancy they fit to their mind,
In a Minute ſhe's pretty, coy, cruel, and kind;
Thus women are Deities only in ſhew,
While to them they do all their inconſtancy owe;
But in Burgundy we the fond paſſion will quench,
Or if we muſt love, we will go to a Wench.

A Rant.

Make a noise,
Pull it out,
And drink about
Brave boys
Tother Cup,
Fill the Glass,
You sober Ass,
Turn up,
Why so sad?
we'l have more
upon the score
My Lad:
Let the Rabble,
prate and babble,
Foutre D'iable;
We will all be mad.
Sing a Catch
Serenade
In Masquerade,
The Watch.
Prittle prattle,
Tittle tattle,
Give 'em battail,
They shall find their match.

See they come,
  staves and Pikes,
  whoever strikes,
Strike home.
Come boys Draw,
  fairly meet
  'em in the Street.
Saw! saw!
Bravely done;
  Cut and slash
  the weapons clash
They Run.
  How they wallow?
  Let us follow,
  Hoop and hollow,
For the day is won,
All's our own.
  Every Crack
  must on her back
Lye down.
  Let us muster;
  in a Cluster,
  huff and bluster,
For we rule the Town.

Play along
ſing and chaunt
a merry Rant
Among
Lay about
Look ye whores,
ſhut all the Doors,
And ſtout
All prepare
ſee the ſluts
draw up the ſhuts;
Beware
Butts and Cinders!
break the windows,
nothing hinders,
Let 'em have a care:
Together claſh,
in they go,
at ev'ry throw,
Daſh! Daſh!
Hark! they tumble,
How they jumble?
Rumble, Rumble,
Now the whores are quaſht.

Boys diſpatch,
'Tis enough
That we can huff
The Watch:
Back again
To the Sun
Come let us run
Amain:
There we'l ſtay,
Roar and Drink,
And never think
Of day.
Time with Laſſes,
Pots and Glaſſes,
Sweetly paſſes,
how it ſlides away?
Let the fool
He that thinks
And Sleeps and Drinks,
By Rule,
By a meaſure,
At his leaſure
Take his pleaſure,
And grow wiſely dull.

Song.

Song.

TOm Farthing, Tom Farthing,
Where hast thou been Tom Farthing?
Twelve a Clock e're thou come in,
Four or five e're thou begin,
Lye all night and do nothing;
Wou'd make a woman weary,
Weary, weary, wou'd make a woman weary.

Hadst thou been a lively Lad,
And given me part of what thou'dst had,
Thou wou'dst have made my heart full glad,
And have made me wondrous merry,
Merry, merry, and have made me wondrous merry.

But thou art a Country Clown,
Sometimes up, and sometimes down,
Sometimes out, and sometimes in,
And all thou do'st is not worth a pin;
'Twould make a woman weary,
Weary, weary, 'twould make a woman weary.

Dissuading a Friend from love.

Had Daphne *honour, wealth, or fame,*
Thou hadst some colour for thy flame,
Or were she young she might excite,
Thy lustful thoughts to appetite,
Were she or beautiful or good,
She unawares might fire thy blood,
But being neither rich, young, chast, nor fair,
To love as dotage, phrensiy to despair.

The jealous Mistris.

Long days of absence Dear I could endure,
Were my divided heart of thine secure.
But each Minute I find my self without thee,
Methinks I find my Rivals arms about thee.

But she perhaps her interest can improve,
By all the studied Arts of wealth and Love,
whilst I alas poor kind and harmless creature,
Plunge in true patience, trust me it shews good nature

Venus

Venus and *Adonis*: Sung in the Play, called, *The Siege of Constantinople.*

VEnus *chanc't to love a Boy,*
Young Adonis *was her joy;*
He once leap'd from off her knee,
To hunt and take an Humble bee:
Then the bag to her did bring,
She sigh'd and ask'd him for the sting:
When he look'd, and saw her eye,
Drop a Tear, he straight did cry,
O forgive me, I will bring
A bigger, and a longer sting:
Smiling she cry'd, pretty Lad!
When that time comes I shall be glad.

A Mad Man's Song.

IN *Caves full of Skulls, and rotten old bones,*
There she sighs in the day time, and in the night (groans
'Mongst Ghosts of the guilty for ever she'l howl,
And in beds fil'd with Serpents eternally rowl.

But I and Irene'l be merry
Amongst happy Lovers we'l play!
Ah Charon! make haft with your ferry,
Row hard and I'le double your pay.

A Catch of Four Parts.

New fruition has employ'd our bottles of love,
Let the bottles of wine fly about,
The heat of that fire,
Shall enflame our desire,
And Phlegmatick dullness remove;
A Health to the best,
And a Pox of the rest,
And hey for 'tother for 'tother brisk bout.

A Song by a Debauch'd Souldier.

They come! they come!
Hark! do you hear that Drum?
It is an alarm to War;
To love it doth beat
A fatal retreat,
See! see, where our Enemies are!

A

A noise! a noise,
of ſhouts and dreadful crys,
As frighted our ſcouts they come in,
then farewel delight,
till after the fight,
We'l rout 'em, and at it agen!

They fly, they fly,
Hark, how they Quarter cry!
Their valour lyes now in their ſpeed;
their Baſſaws in vain,
Would rally again,
For a Turk delights not to bleed.

Bring wine, bring wine,
What do you ſtill repine?
I truſt a brave Souldier for drink;
The Enemie's run,
Then Souldiers be gone,
Will he never return do you think?

The Quakers Ballad.

YE she-friends and he-friends whoever inherit
Infallible light in dark-lanthorn of spirit,
Come prick up your ears, for behold I will sit ye,
With an Hymn that is cal'd by the wicked a di

In the scuffle we late have had with the Baptists,
Wherein both our honour and intrest wrapt is,
Though our logick perhaps be too weak to dispute 'em
We hope by a Ballad at least to confute 'um.

For though Fiddle and Organs are both Babilonish
Wherewith the prophane delighted alone is;
Yet in such a case inspiration may haunt
Even us which are perfect to warble a Chaunt.

Then let us a while our tremblings lay by,
And quit our still Meetings to set up a cry,
Lets challenge, and rant, talk loud and be bold,
For the Spirit at present doth move us to scold.

'Tis time to exclaim, as receiving the wrong,
And take up that carnal weapon the tongue,
For if we delay our whole party must sink,
And our long-boasted light go out in a stink.

Ou

r jeglings so plain will appear that each eye,
rough the mask of our holy pretences will spy,
nd see that a Quaker, when stript of his paint,
never of kin to an Atheist then Saint.

hen let us equivocate neatly and lay,
plausible meaning on all that we say,
nd the very same art that serves to excuse us,
t once shall condemn all those that accuse us.

his being done, we point time and place,
nd come full prepared to handy the case,
In the Barbican first we gave them a meeting,
And never was seen such a Bear-garden greeting!

A Rabble thrust in from each end of the town,
And before half an argument could be laid down,
In less time than a man can a pot of ale swallow,
'twas confirm'd with a hoop, & damn'd with a hallow.

The place like an Hat-house appear'd, and by hap,
some friends might be cured bare of a lap;
And if it were so I cannot but say,
'Twas the best effect of our meeting that day.

But

But once more have at 'um, for without doubt,
If we cannot confute, we must tyre them out,
And therefore sent word they were cowardly lubbs
If they would not in Spittle-fields venture a rub.

Four hours and more we dispute in and out,
To know what it was we should dispute about,
Which yet at the last was never agreed,
But no matter for that we resolv'd to proceed.

'Twould have made puss laugh, or child in the cradle
To hear us chop Logick, and talk sylogismes,
That spiritual cantings of Naylor and's brood,
Should Apostatize thus into figure and mood.

To see holy seed so grand a designer,
As to turn yea and nay into Major and Minor,
Use language of beast Concedo or Pergo,
And tickle their tobies at last with an Ergo.

At first they came on like hussing Philistians,
And needs would attempt to prove us no Christians,
When most by our wranglings already thought such
To believe that in truth either of us were such.

Dialogues we cry'd down as prophane,
ough divers of us had written in that strain;
that by a figure must be understood,
aking things bad in others, in us to be good.

but let friends take notice how basely they wrong us,
By suggesting a Papist God bless us, amongst us:
For there was no need of that I must tell ye,
Since each of us carries his Pope in his belly.

Our selves to be Christians we loudly declare,
But avoid the conteſt to prowe that we were;
For we find that our intereſt doth better agree,
To be counted Christians, than truly to be.

Yet inveagled at last by a kind of a wyle, (while,
We were drawn into what we had shun'd all this
But still we were safe, though shrewdly put to't,
For when all shifts fail, inspiration can do't.

To this then we flye, though certain it be,
Old Mahomet had as much claim to't as we,
However it serves to ward off a blow,
For who shall refute what no man can know.

For if folks would have wonders or miracles don
We confess we can instance at present but one,
That so many should scripture and reason forsake
And in our ridiculous whimsies partake.

But though in good form we would argue no m
We went on with bauling as high at before,
For we knew that the crowd would the glory aff
To him that spoke loudest, and had the last W

To prove that we did our Antagonist beat,
'Tis enough for to say that we made them retre
And charged them bravely when we had done,
In the Rear with an echo, they run friends, they

And to shew that our ammunition of Lungs,
Was yet not all spent, nor weary our tongues,
After this we began another new quoil,
And fell all a preaching in Rank and in file,

That in brief a strange clutter we kept, and a stir
But what good came on't, if I know I may cur,
Only people went home, some sick, and some lame,
But all of them just as wise as they came.

FINIS.